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and
when
the
PUNKS
realized
that
they
too
were
HUMAN,
that's
when
things
really
started
to
get
interesting.

To Whom It
May Concern:
boyscouts
free music
big boobs
asylums
skinheads
herpes
etcetera

THE FIRST ISSUE!!!

This Zine took

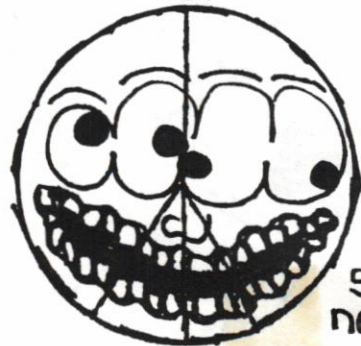
way too long to put out. But then again, we just moved from Missouri and have yet to settle in. We've met some cool folks (sorry, no list) and some uncool folks (send s.a.s.e. for list), saw the awesome Man Is The Bastard w/ Tit Wrench, Evolved As One, Lack Of Interest, and Corona's rockin' Bockwinkle. **We've been a little violence, a few scary people,** taken too many buses, been stranded by fickle friends, eaten warm oranges from people's yards. We've watched too much t.v., got too many bad promo cds (which we traded in for the dog-faced hermies cd). We've eaten too much great cookin' from grandma's house, watched some dirty punx destroy a Dirt show, gave a squatter some change so he could call Kim a riot grrl, got freaked out by a psycho-cholo who wanted to chop off Kim's ring finger, hung out with the Satan brothers and sisters, missed our friends back home(?), dismissed some others back home(?), and Walked and Walked and Walked. **And Walked. And Walked. And** Worshipped the new sick of it All tape.

Paved.

I'M ALWAYS REMINDED OF THE HARD ROAD AHEAD AND TOLD I'VE BEEN LUCKY AND NOW IT'S TIME TO TAKE IT SERIOUS NOW IT'S TIME TO TAKE IT EASY well what will i be taking so seriously and what will i be taking so easily? and whose was it before i took it? whose was it before i took it? I'M WALKING FORWARD AND SOMEONE SAYS I'M WALKING TOO SLOW I'M IN THEIR PATH AND THEY WANT TO GO, GO, GO SO THEY PUSH ME ASIDE SAYING "WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE" BUT THEY TELL ME TO PICK UP MY PACE BECAUSE I'M SLOWING DOWN THEIR RACE AND NOW IT'S TIME TO TAKE IT SERIOUS NOW IT'S TIME TO TAKE IT EASY what will i be taking so seriously? what will i be taking so easily? and whose was it before i took it? whose was it before i took it? SOME SAY I'M IRRESPONSIBLE OR THAT I JUST DON'T CARE AND IT JUST REMINDS ME OF THE TORTOISE WHILE YOU'RE FULL OF YOUR BUSINESS WITH CORPORATE TALKING, I'M DOWN ON THE PAVEMENT (YOUR PAVEMENT) WALKING....

...JUST LIVING MY LIFE HEARING OTHERS SCREAM

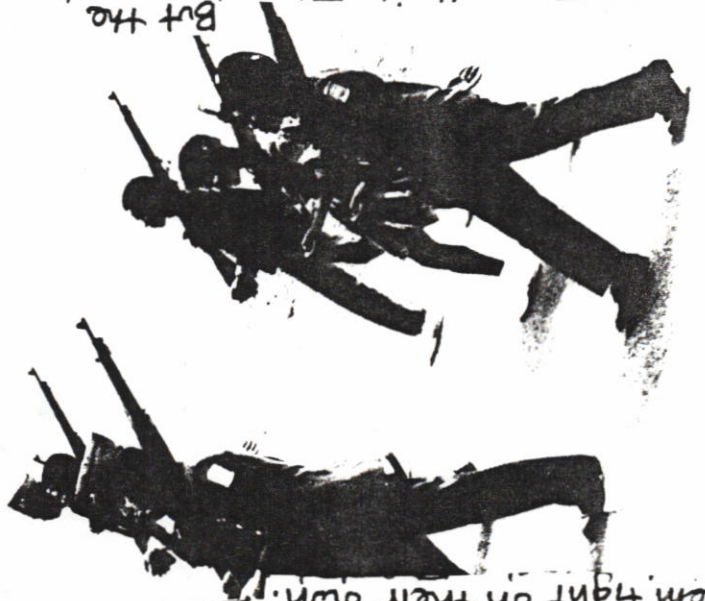
"NOW IT'S TIME TO TAKE IT SERIOUS NOW IT'S TIME TO TAKE IT EASY." well i won't be taking that so seriously and i won't be taking that so easily... and whoever wants it can keep it because I don't really need it.



see ya next month!

I OBJECT.

As I write this, my country has just completed their missions in both Haiti and the mid East. It seems that the U.S. doesn't have to kill anymore, it can just threaten small countries to do what America wants. Global bullies. And somewhere in the mess, I'm paying the U.S. to do this. I feel that I should protest and I will. But what good can it do? As long as I work to survive, my taxes fund the military. So here I stand with my protest sign, still fresh with Marksat ink, screaming at people that I pay to destroy other countries. Democracy destroys all non-democratic governments with a twisted agenda of world peace. I believe that governments should be left to fail, thrive, or change on their own. Soldiers and rebels will die fighting for these situations. Let them fight on their own.



U.S. can't do that. It believes it has a moral obligation to right the wrong. The problem is, the global bully can't see past its own agenda. It just steamrolls its own democracy into town and pushes buttons. So here I am bitching, when there's so little I can do. I feel hypocritical and I hate feeling this way. If I resist (by not paying taxes) I will be imprisoned. That's the clear cut solution. Martyrdom. I'm not willing to do that. Does this make me a war supporter? I am opposed to the situation but I'm part of the process. We are all part of the process. So what to do? Who to be? Where to go? How to do it? I already know WHY.

So in all this shit, we've put this together. We hope you enjoy this. If you don't, well that's too bad. We need contributions. Articles, stories, scams, letters, zines/music for review, jokes, poetry, comic, stamps, etc. We want to communicate with anyone, so please write! Take care and under wear, Jason & Kim 1508 Third St. Duarte, CA. 91010-1815.

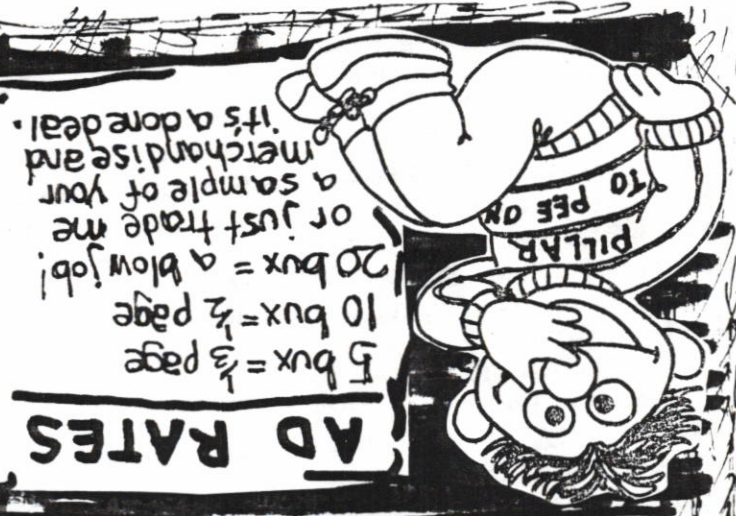
AD RATES

5 bux = 1/3 page

10 bux = 1/2 page

20 bux = a blow job!

or just trade me a sample of your merchandise and it's a done deal.



This issue is dedicated

to Shannon Wilsey

aka

Savannah

Sexiest

that I

never get

will

to meet.

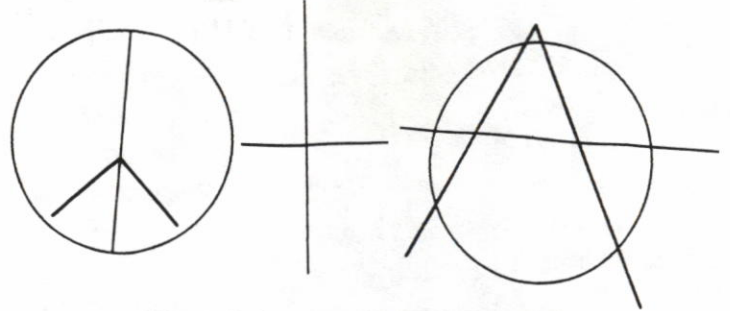
woman

the



10.9.70-7.11.94

POME by Jason

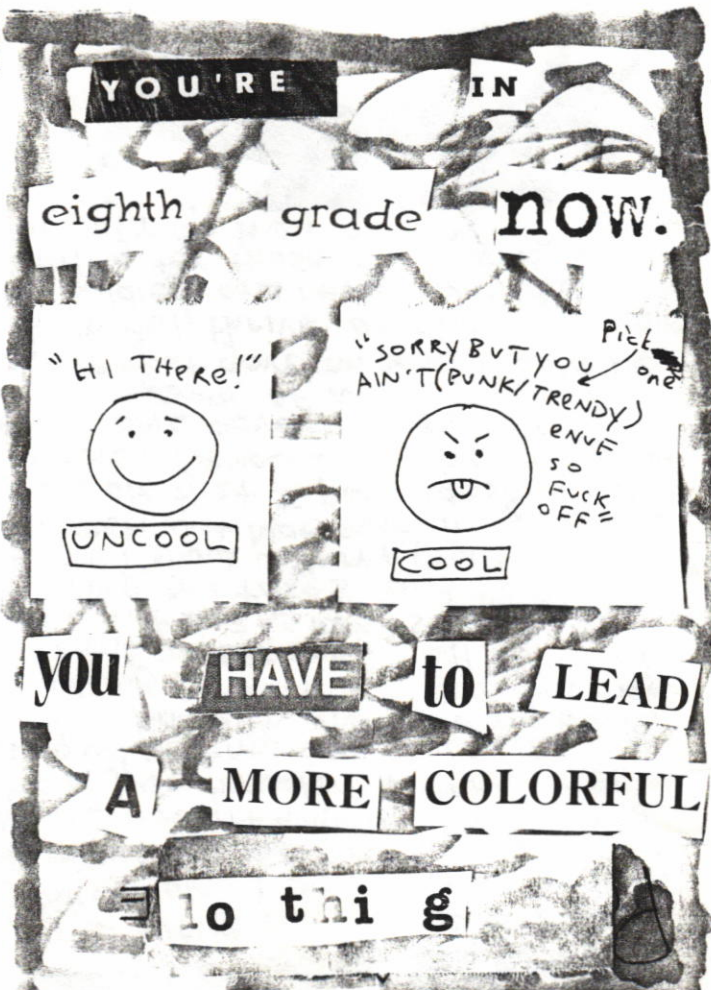


Q: why masturbate
when
you can pray?
A: it takes two
hands
to pray

ONE DAY, JASEN AND I VOLUNTEERED AT THE (DE)CENTER, L.A.'S ONLY ANARCHIST CENTER. IT'S ONE OF THE NIFTIEST PLACES I'VE EVER BEEN. YOU CAN LEARN AND HAVE FUN AT THE SAMETIME. AND THE PEOPLE THERE ARE SO DEDICATED AND HAVE PUT SO MUCH EFFORT INTO IT. ANYWAY, WE WERE THERE KEEPING AN EYE ON THE PLACE, WORKING ON THIS ZINE, READING FROM THE AWESOME LIBRARY, AND HAVING A GOOD TIME. JASEN PUT UP A PAMPHLET ABOUT PROP 187 THAT HE GOT FROM THE REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS IN PASADENA. HE POSTED IT ON THE BULLETIN BOARD, PARTIALLY AS A JOKE, PARTIALLY TO INFORM, AND PARTIALLY TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN. OTHER PEOPLE ARRIVED LATER, AND ONE REGULAR VOLUNTEER TOOK IT DOWN. HE SEEMED PISSED OFF, BUT AFTER JASEN EXPLAINED, HE PUT IT BACK UP, PROBABLY JUST TO HUMOR US. HE TOLD JASEN TO WRITE A DISCLAIMER ON IT. THEN HE STARED AT IT FOR A MOMENT BEFORE DRAWING A BIG X IN THE MIDDLE, LEST ANYONE OVERLOOK THE FASCISM IN ITS PAGES. IF A PERSON BELIEVED IN TOTAL FREEDOM, WOULD THEY VOTE FOR PROP 187 JUST BECAUSE IT WAS ON THE WALL OF AN ANARCHIST BOOKSTORE? I KNOW LITTLE ABOUT ANARCHISM, BUT LATELY I'VE NOTICED IT USES QUITE A BIT OF PROPAGANDA. IF PEOPLE GO TO (DE)CENTER, THE LAST THING THEY NEED IS SPOON FED POLITICS. WE CAN'T THINK FOR OURSELVES IF OUR INFORMATION IS COERCED. IT SEEMED OBVIOUS THAT THE PAMPHLET WAS NOT AN ANARCHIST OBJECT. THAT DOES NOT MEAN IT SHOULD BE IGNORED. IN FACT, WE SHOULD ABSORB ALL SIDES OF A STORY. WE SHOULD NOT REINFORCE OUR OWN OPINION OVER AND OVER. ISN'T THAT BRAIN-WASHING I AM SORRY IF I OFFENDED ANYONE, BUT I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SEE BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY, AS OPPOSED TO VOTING THE "STRAIGHT LINE ANARCHIST" TICKET. BLAH



the enemy may also
be yourself.



JASEN would like to BITCH about the punk
that shit on someone's yard that led to the shut
down of the DIRT show, the hideous woman who
said I had the smile of Jesus on my face, my
manager at work who treats me like a peon, all
self-appointed friends who never call me, my left foot
that hurts all the time, the fact that I need to get a
place of my own very soon, Bad Religion and all the
other bands that exchange their fans for corporate
backing, not being able to think of what to BITCH about
even though I'm sure I could print a 10,000 page BITCH
page if I thought about it for a minute, and total,
unadulterated boredom.

Kim here. i can't go to the Type O Negative
show on Halloween. the trees here are brown
& unclimbable. i have to shave my legs and
wear pantyhose to work. i miss suzi, rob
and nathan. i have spent my first 2 mo.
outside the midwest in Arcadia & Duarte.
why? i need a car. i haven't had a girl-
friend since June & i'm sick of hanging
out w/ guys, my wisdom teeth holes
are still gaping, i don't have sex enough
enough. my bass, pipes, photos & life are
still in springfield. i need my own
pad. im bored.

JASEN would like to also bitch about
the friggin' vegan lasagna that gave me the
chronic shits. Oh yeah, and that all the
folks that were supposed to contribute to this
either never turned in their stuff (more like
never wrote their stuff) or just wanted to
review music. Um, yeah and Jason was
supposed to be bitching on this page but
no such fuckin' luck. We encourage you to
write in and contribute to the bitch page.
Send all your complaints, gripes, problems,
pet peeves or we'll bitch about how you
can't even pick up a pen. Ciao.

✌️ ☠️ 😊 💣

FRIENDS FOR?

DAN BOYLE and I met in a little thrash/punk record store that I was working at. We became very close friends and nothing was going to change that. Or so it seemed. A few years later, Dan had gotten involved with a local naziskin group. I was getting into HC/punk and became a big-mouthed anti-racist. We stopped hanging out for awhile. We just couldn't see eye to eye. We both became more involved in our own lives. When we finally met up again, I couldn't see any of the old Dan that I knew. He was totally different. Or was he? Our politics were (still are, actually) at totally different sides of the spectrum. I did not like him at all. Was it because he had become himself or just because he became a Nazi? What was more important - a friendship or politics? I decided that politics were more important. I stopped associating with him. He called and stopped by. I showed no interest. I left the state for two years and didn't keep in touch with him. Now that I'm back, he's been showing up and calling. It's a great feeling to know that he's still my friend. At first, I was still unsure about wanting to regain his friendship. The thing is, I never lost it. He's been there, even when I was cutting his beliefs down. Even when we fought, he would always come back. And now? I can't turn my back on him. He's been a good friend to me. It does not matter that he hates non-whites. It does not matter that he is a chauvanist. He is my friend and I am his. This does not mean that I am a nazi sympathizer. I have and will always give him shit about his beliefs. He will always attack mine. This is merely trivial when I think that for eight years, he's been a consistent friend. I guess it would be politically correct of me to bash in his brains and forget him. He is my friend and friendship isn't about being P.C. It's about people who can break down enough boundaries, not only enough to communicate, but also to build trust and understanding. If anyone has a problem because I can make friends, well then they can fuck off. This is not an invitation for Nazis to become my friends, in case you were wondering. All you racists can eat my nigger-lovin' shit. That means you too, Dan.

the SCOUT motto is BE PREPARED. A Scout prepares for whatever comes his way by learning all he can. He keeps himself strong, healthy, and ready to meet the challenges of **L I F E**.

The Scout Law is that a Scout must be **CLEAN, HELPFUL, CHEERFUL, OBEDIENT, COURTEOUS, BRAVE, KIND, TRUSTWORTHY, REVERENT, FRIENDLY, AND THRIFTY**

both in and out of uniform. While some of these rules seem positive, I'm concerned about the actual applications of these "laws". The Scouts is a nationalist gang led by people whose minds are stuck in the 50's, Wally and The Beaver, neo-puritan, socially tyrannical fascism. Flag wavers, soldiers, Klansmen, Republicans, Pro-Lifers, and NRA supporters got their start in the Scouts. Keep that in mind.

PUNX

could learn a lot from people who really go against the grain.

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SOUND BITE HOUSE / NEGATIVE REACTION SPLIT 7"

OR WRITE:
ROT 'EM ROLL RECORDS P.O. BOX 386
SMITHTOWN, N.Y. 11787

and to think, these folks play **PUNK ROCK** too.

WHY DEAD BOY SCOUTS MAKE BETTER DOORS THAN WINDOWS.

I MISSED OUT ON BECOMING A BOYSCOUT. I AM PROUD OF THIS FACT. IMAGINE BEING STRIPPED OF YOUR CHILDHOOD. IMAGINE THAT YOU COULDN'T GO OUT AND PLAY BECAUSE YOU HAD TO TRAIN. I REMEMBER HOW MY SCHOOL TEACHER ENCOURAGED THE CLASS TO JOIN THE SCOUTS (GIRL OR BOY, ACCORDING TO GENDER.) I REMEMBER GOING TO A FEW RALLIES AND WANTING TO JOIN. I'D LIKE TO THANK MY MOM FOR HAVING NEITHER THE MONEY NOR THE ENERGY TO SUPPORT THOSE INTERESTS. I'M GLAD I NEVER GOT INVOLVED WITH THOSE PSYCHO-CHRISTIAN-SOLDIERS. I NEVER LEARNED THEIR "BY THE BOOK" RITES OF MANHOOD. I EXPERIENCED MY OWN. THEY TEACH COMPETITION, SEXISM, CONSERVATIVE CHRISTIANITY, AGEISM, HOMOPHOBIA, AND MILITANT PATRIOTISM. THEY BUILD CHILDREN INTO WARRIORS. IT IS SICK AND DESTRUCTIVE. CAN YOU IMAGINE BEING A RECRUIT FOR THIS PRE-MILITARY MILITARY GROUP DISGUISED AS ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY? TO JOIN? OH, TO JOIN YOU'VE GOT TO:

- * Be a male, heterosexual, 11-17 years old, with at least a 5th grade education.
- * Submit a complete application plus entire health history records, signed by legal guardian
- * Demonstrate the Scout salute, sign, and the secret handclasp.
- * Be able to tie a square knot and describe the scout badge.
- * Understand and live by the Scout Oath, the Scout Slogan, the Pledge of Allegiance, the Scout Motto, and the Outdoor Code.
- * Complete the exercises (with parental guidance) in the pamphlet, "How To Protect Your Children from Child Abuse and Drug Abuse."
- * Attend a Scout Master conference.

the scout oath...

On my honor I will do my best

To do my duty to God and my country

and to obey the Scout Law;

To help other people at all times;

To keep myself physically strong,

mentally awake, and morally straight.

The Scout Slogan is DO A GOOD TURN DAILY. Good Turns Are Helpful Acts Done quietly, Without Boasting, And Without Expecting Reward Or Pay. Doing At Least One Good Turn Every Day IS A Normal Part Of A Scout's Life.

read this and say:

gosh, that
sucks.



then what will you do? by Kim

maybe you could have guessed this, but having herpes sucks. i don't think i deserve it. i used condoms most of the time, i asked about HIV testing, and i don't sleep around. (i've had intercourse w/ one person, oral sex w/ 3.) is that better than what you've done? probably.

my first outbreak began when i passed out by my front door. i felt like the little mermaid when i walked. i waited for my dad and brother to leave before i took a piss so they wouldn't hear me screaming. i've only gotten minor sores every 3-4 months since then, but they're mine for life. i'm almost positive i got this virus thru oral sex w/ someone who had a cold sore. at the time, i had never even heard of a dental dam. the only place i know to get them now is at Paradise, the big sex toy shop by the highway.

i am infuriated that safe sex education is so lacking in springfield, and most likely in other small towns and cities across the world.

not that it matters. almost all my friends continue to have unprotected sex, even after hearing my story. my own mother hardly ever uses condoms, and she has multiple partners. this is an insult to me.

i also read conflicting pamphlets. one said, "if you have herpes, just use condoms." another countered, "condoms don't stop herpes, just make sure neither person has a sore." befuddled, i called planned parenthood who gave me an incredibly vague reply. i want to know

exactly what i can do w/ either gender w/ out passing this disease to them. i have a right to know! but in this town, these answers are nowhere to be found. perhaps that's because they aren't being looked for. take my advice, and look for them.

HERPES FUN!! WHAT OTHER BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SHARES THIS AFFLICTION? UNSCRAMBLE.

NRADSA NDTERBRAH

SPRINGFIELD SHARPS, FUCK OFF!

A BALD GUY ON A VESPA PUTTERS BY AND CALLS ME DYKE BUT AT LEAST HE DON'T SAY NIGGER AND AT LEAST HE DON'T SAY KIKE SHARP-YOU KNOW WHAT IT STANDS FOR YOU USE IT WHEN YOU CAN BUT I'VE SEEN MORE BEHIND THE SCENES THAN THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER MAN I SAW WHAT YOU DID TO MY FRIEND SO THAT'S WHAT YOU DID TO ME I WISH THAT 2 TONE MAILORDER SOLD HUMAN EMPATHY ANTI-RACIST SKINHEAD CANNOT REALLY BE APPLIED AS AN ADJECTIVE FOR SOMEONE WHO'S ENGROSSED IN IRISH PRIDE I DON'T THINK YOU REALLY THINK TWO WRONGS CAN MAKE A RIGHT HOW DARE YOU JOIN A PEACEFUL GROUP FOR ANOTHER REASON TO FIGHT? EVERYONE'S GOT BASEBALL BATS SOMEBODY'S LOST A TOOTH I'M ROOTING FOR THE NAZIS CAUSE AT LEAST THEY TELL THE TRUTH

NO COMMENT

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DISTRIBUTORS/STORES/LABELS: PLEASE GET IN TOUCH

Obligatory Ad Space
Due To A Free 7" For Me
(see review section)

they took my tree. i was feelin' sad. i went into my grandma's garage to show my friend all the killer toys that i used to play with. When we entered the "toy area", i was getting excited at the notion of seeing all the lincoln logs, plastic army men, rusty cars, horses splattered with green paint, broken airplanes, cans of peas, fisher price people, armless action figures, ugly stuffed animals, and everything that occupied my days while sitting in my grandma's jungle of a backyard.

it was all gone. not even the fisher price mcdonald's playset (which remained) could bring a smile to my face. i cried and i couldn't really figure out why. So a week or two later, i walk to the park to find some shade and think. When i got there, my favorite tree was gone. **nothing but**

sawdust. i took that tree for granted, i couldn't even climb it. i used to hide behind it during games with the local kids. i used to stand on the orange bench (then it was beige), grab a few branches and just swing like Tarzan. i did this alone because no one was my Cheetah or Jane in this game. it was just me, cutting my hands on the strong sinewy branches, falling down, scraping my knees or dyeing my jeans green forever. i forgot about the tree for awhile and now that i need it, it's gone forever. There's no shade in my favorite spot anymore. It's bright and hot like every fuckin' spot in this shit hole of a city. I stood at the site, late at night, trying to picture the tree in the dark. All i could see was the fuckin' sawdust. I've grown older and have changed in many ways and it's a weird emotion to return to a childhood memory to find it uprooted. i wonder what else will change, what landmarks of my life will be taken away, destroyed, or remodeled. I know that people change and i have accepted that. But when inanimate objects are gone, places and things lost forever, it bothers me. Not like something you throw away but something that you never assumed would disappear. What if i wake up tomorrow and absolutely everything i knew of was different. Kinda like a Twilight Zone episode. When will my entire past be rebuilt and will it catch up to my present day, changing everything every step of the way until i'm some loony, gone mad in a world gone mad?

This is not about punx who waste their lives by remaining stagnant. This is about positive change. This is my support for those active in progressive social programs. I applaud the efforts of teachers, social workers, Food Not Bombs, War Resister's League, Amnesty International, and countless others who volunteer their time for the benefit of human/animal/environmental rights. These are people who work long hours with little support. These are true role models for kids, not violent vigilantes glamourized on TV. These people are willing to work with the system in order to make society a better place. As for myself, I am undecided. I know that if I worked in convalescent care or homeless shelters, i'd be serving the community better than a lot of self-serving officials. To do this, i would have to compromise. Am i willing to do this? Can i follow the rules of this troubled system in order to help those in need? I know self-proclaimed anarchists who are going to school to do just that. They want to be teachers, social workers, etc. They believe that they can make a difference. No overthrow of the government would be complete without the development of a needy community. From the inside out, these people are working for the betterment of the situation. I support these strong individuals and i hope that someday, i can find the same strength in myself.

**ALL PUNK AND NO
CHANGE MAKES SID
A DEAD FRED**

a **U** I Need Is A m i R A C l e

i got big tits. one day, i decided it was in order to purchase a proper tray to display them with. i walked into the springfield, MO Victoria's Secret and began looking at bras. i was in heaven; surrounded by cute, sexy brassieres. i scuttled over to the D-cup drawer. it was jammed full of beige, white, and black over-the-shoulder-boulder-holders with gross embroidery and thick straps. undaunted, i flipped through racks of lace & satin, until a voice behind me exclaimed, "those are our new miracle bras! i have one! they're really cute on!" i looked at her breasts. they appeared to be in the area of 34c. i inquired why my size consisted solely of old lady bras. she replied, "there's not really a market for D-cup push-up bras. also, the manufacturers can't make a small underwire bra in that size."

STOP CALLING ME **Weird**

by jason
(not jason)

cos i'm not. just because i'm smiling like a lighthouse and proving that things you do sometimes are like a dog peeing to mark territory and maybe dancing a little silly doesn't mean i'm a weirdo it means quite otherwise. fact is i do things sometimes you might feel awkward doing not because my brain is different but i've worked hard to amputate some inhibitions and therefore the exclaiming prancing giggler i can be every now and then is only my natural mind getting its way for once instead of social discipline. that if you ask me is NORMAL because it is real, true, etc. what i think is weird is the way most people think only with their heads & forget that their hearts should be the same thing and it's weird that most people are mean snobs who don't want to chance that everyone else isn't and it's weird that most people hate the morning it's weird how category is the leading form of identity it bugs me.

BOOK REVIEWS

by Jason

FORGOTTEN IMPULSES - TODD WALTON

groovy book written from the viewpoints of five different characters. a man and his wife move to the man's hometown for a vacation and there's family secrets adultery rape and other things in store. Todd Walton is a great storyteller. (but DON'T read Night Train - it's terrible).

SUMMERHILL - A RADICAL APPROACH TO CHILD-REARING - A.S. Neill

the 1st part is about the school A.S. Neill started in the 20s in England, based on the idea that children must be allowed to develop naturally, without the introduction of shame- and fear-causing discipline; the students being equal to the faculty and everyone from the 6-yr.-olds to the Head Master getting an equal share in the school government. the 2nd part of the book is about raising your own child with that kind of philosophy. the author had one daughter himself. those interested in taoism may find the coincidences here interesting as well; anarchists also should take a look.

GIRL WITH CURIOUS HAIR - DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

a collection of short stories. quite wacky, except there is a little bit of literary wanking in the last one. there's one about a woman appearing on the david letterman show, a david lynchy one about some smalltown folks of greatness & meanness & lighter than airness,,, the story the collection is named after is about a psychotic (or is it sociopathic?) rich guy who goes to a jazz concert with his best friends, who are nasty punkrockers. his girlfriend has her hair sculpted into an erect penis, but she's not who the story is named after. if you have to have an ending, this isn't for you, but if you like really original writing, it is. many different styles.

i thought, "lie! if modern technology can put a telescope into space, it can make me a fucken bra bitch!" but it wasn't her fault. convicted to a life sentence of boring undies, my passion for lingerie grew. im a 36D so i guess no one thinks i need a push-up bra. however, outside the magical realm of hustler, there is such a thing as gravity. im 18 and i've worn a bra since 4th grade, but they're already shimmying down there. so yes, i'd like some cleavage aside from pushing my boobs up and together manually. jason told me about CA, where aside from free rent and fruit on every tree, they sell the fabu wonderbra in all sizes. i was on break at work today, flipping through the LA Times. suddenly my heart skipped a beat and my clitoris hummed. full page wonderbra ads. two of 'em. the angels modeling the merchandise had been transformed into instant sex kittens. their bosoms looked so grabbable.

"soon," i told myself, rubbing my hands together devilishly, "i will join their ranks by donning my own lipstick red wonderbra!" ah, had my eyes not wandered down the page! i might have indulged myself in countless carefree daydreams in which i possessed a curvy torso!

26 dollars 32A-36C
my heart sank of course. then i got first. if there's a push-up that can accomodate me, i probably can't afford it. the rest of my body isn't huge, so it's hard to find teddies, body stockings, etc. if i was uniformly big, i'd have to wear mums and shit. does anyone care!? sisters in business, write and tell me where can i find the sling i desire in a size that will house me? or if it doesn't exist let's go to VS, take our shirts off and protest or something. i'd like to see that saleslady's mouth form a nice little surprised o.

What to do when your T.V. Party has been busted by the Tube Police...

Second Guess # 11

72 pages packed with punk economics 101, RXXX, boiled angels, jail rape, drunk fuckin' idiot, rock stars, Zoinks! on the road, be nice to smokers, jen's last peanut butter and jelly sandwich, "no, fuck you!", mail, reviews, killer of black boys, we are all shit, okay, and over all this is fucking awesome even though the term fucking awesome has lost its zeal. So I'm righting fucking awesome with the zeal so this zine review means buy it or diet, you blubber head.

POB 9382 Reno, NV 89507 \$2 dollars.

Under Pressure # 2 Boot camp, meat, PROPA (motherfuckin') GANDHI, reviews, Mike diana, and communication. A neat little zine by a great guy. Get it or forget it, you comazoid. Price-\$0.50

939 South Ave #4 Springfield MO 65806

Todd Is His Breakfast # 2

Girls getting funky, kissing hands, cooties, tē futē, bigness, crossword, KY jelly, dead boy, mail box, and Jason the meanie. Steal it or feel it, garbanzo face.

1183 Bradbourne Duarte, CA 91010 \$2 stamp.

My Cat Is Fat # 2

Anarchy high school, food not bombs, not a grrrl, Pink Floyd, penis, i ♥ the bay area, coupons, reviews, nudist camp, surf betties, showering, smooth n' silky sensation, deoderant. A cute little zine? No. A cool little zine? Yes. See it or flee it, you choad toad.

CATHERINE 2872 ANZA LANE COSTA MESA, CA. 92626 \$1?

Cometbus # 32 A great story about the authors punk squat travels across the country. Better than you could write, I bet. Too bad I don't have the address 'because this is just essential. Find it or blind it, you silly curmudgeon.

Pillar To Peon #1 The best zine in the world. You can't go wrong with this one. Contains hidden messages on every page. The Magna opus of literary punkdom. Yeah, all that and I got a big dick. Whatever. Do you know they took gullible out of the dictionary? Wanna buy a bridge?

"I'd like to read your brains out but I don't think you have any" - Skinner the librarian.

hundreds of volts. i know similar conditions do exist in asylums today from reading the things i could find that were published in this decade. i'm still curious about improvements or deteriorations in the system. i read a column in maximumrocknroll by evan harrington that mentioned buddhists who blabbed to their shrinks about spiritual revelations after deep meditation. many of them were locked up and dosed with thorazine. i found this interesting because i went to catholic school as a kid and we learned about christians who claimed to see the virgin mary or had their hands and feet "mysteriously pierced like jesus during crucifixion". these people were canonized. what makes one person a deviant makes another a saint, because eastern religions are crazy in a western world. if you're a functioning human being, chances are you have had countless thoughts that doctors would consider crazy, but if you're reading this, you've hidden them well. i for

one will continue to hide mine. at the end of the movie i watched, a doctor made a comment that has begun to haunt me. he said, "the brain and the soul are two separate things. therefore, it is not against god to change a person from personality a. to personality b."



Feed a Vagrant, Go to Jail in San Francisco



this article taken
from the L.A. Times
(9/22/94)

The City by the Bay is almost medieval in its treatment of the homeless as inhuman.

This week, Keith McHenry is sitting by the phone waiting for a call to come down to Superior Court in San Francisco to face a felony charge arising from his efforts to feed the city's homeless. San Francisco has piled other felony charges on him. So this Good Samaritan faces a possible life sentence under California's three-strikes-and-you're-out law.

For feeding homeless people in San Francisco, McHenry has been arrested 92 times since 1988, though never tried and never convicted. Right now, the U.N. Commission on Human Rights in Geneva has his treatment under review.

Anywhere from 6,000 to 15,000 people in San Francisco are in shelters or flophouse hotels or making do in alleys and parks. The homeless, the panhandlers and kindred sidewalk sentries are disturbing to many folks, most of all the downtown businesses who want them off Union Square, Civic Center and the parks. Let 'em go someplace else, like Oakland.

In fact, as in many other cities across the country, the homeless are a mixed bunch, very much the same as the homeless in another tough era for poor folk, described by Sir Thomas More in his "Utopia," published in 1516. Discussing vagrants in 16th-Century England, More talked of people looking for work but not finding it, vets ("those who often come home crippled from foreign or civil wars") and assorted victims of the profit motive. In More's time, it was the enclosures. Today, it's jobs heading south.

Then, as now, homeless included the insane, either left to wander the streets or, at the discretion of arresting officers, dropped off at the hospital or the jail.

Mayor Frank Jordan's Matrix program, launched in 1993, saw the San Francisco homeless hassled viciously, their bundles of belongings and carts tossed into garbage trucks. Harassment extended to McHenry and his fellow members—among whom are homeless people—of Food Not Bombs. Their crime has been to feed the homeless and to assert that homeless people are full

Feed The Needy with Food Not Bombs

citizens with full citizens' rights.

Out of 720 arrests and an expenditure by the city of \$5 million on homeless hassling, only one Food Not Bombs volunteer, Robert Norse Kahn, has gone to trial, handed 60 days (being appealed) for giving a woman a bagel in one of the city parks. On May 10, McHenry was charged with felony possession of a milk crate while staffing a literature table.

The charge for which McHenry awaits imminent trial stems from an incident on May 13, when he and a 71-year old male companion entered the office of Supervisor Barbara Kaufman in City Hall to distribute literature about their organization.

Nancy Kitz, an aide to Kaufman, demanded that they get out. McHenry recalls that he proffered a leaflet, saying, "Here, you might as well take one." The aide slammed the door and McHenry says he put out his hand to stop it from hitting his friend. The glass hit his hand and severed an artery. Claiming McHenry had punched out the glass, police arrested him and charged him with felony assault.

In "Utopia," More wrote that "it would have been much better to provide some means of getting a living, that no one should be under this terrible necessity first of stealing and then of dying for it."

Now, as then, there aren't enough jobs, and many cities and states are deciding that the way to deal with the sort of social collapse represented by a homeless person is to criminalize poverty. Close down public assistance, close your eyes and hope that the homeless, the single mothers, the down and out will disappear.

Across New York City there are thousands of abandoned buildings taken over by the city that homeless people rehab and move into. The city sells the sites to speculators, who have the police kick out the homesteaders, then raze the structures. So much for allowing the helpless to help themselves.

Sure, a persistent panhandler or a scrofulous vagrant can be tiresome, even frightening. But so long as the prevailing social attitude is to answer all problems with prisons, there will be more panhandlers and more vagrants.

The historian Gaston Roupnel reports that citizens of 17th-Century Dijon, in France, were forbidden to feed the poor: "In the 16th Century, the beggar or vagrant was fed and cared for before he was sent away. In the early 17th Century, he had his head shaved. Later on, he was whipped; and the end of the century saw the last word in repression—he was turned into a convict."

Of course, this kind of progress occurs more quickly now than it did three centuries ago.

'Close down public assistance, close your eyes and hope that the homeless, the single mothers, the down and out will disappear.'

and checked on every once in a blue room moon. drugs were taken by everyone. necessary tests for tolerance were rarely given, so overdoses were common. as long as the patient remained alive, it was just more money for the institution. if you were playing charades and had to act out "crazy for you" by madonna, you might move sporadically and roll your eyes back in your head. if by some amendment to the rules of charades you were allowed to talk, you

might slur your speech. but these characteristics are often a side effect of thorazine. they are called dystonic reactions, and the patients in the movie seemed happy while having them. however it was nearly impossible for them to communicate or even sit in sunlight without being in intense pain



the next character in the movie was dr. paul blachly, a physician who administered 4 electric shocks in 20 minutes to a mother of 2 who came to him for depression. how this idiot made it to a position of such magnitude is a mystery to me. he confessed that he and his colleges had no clue why the treatment seemed to give patients "a better state of mind". then he remarked "since we've never had an actual death, there is no way to evaluate harm in our patients." one woman who had received est recalled who martin luther king and jfk were; but she was shocked (ha ha) to learn that they were dead. the electricity naturally found in the brain is measured in millivolts, whereas est uses

If you'd like some more information about Food Not Bombs, here's a few numbers you can call: Cyndi & Larry (F.N.B., Whittier, CA.): (310) 695-2521
Jae (F.N.B., Long Beach, CA.): (310) 490-7284
F.N.B. Hotline: 1(800) 884-1136
or write: Catherine Price P.O.B. 1961 Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Written by
Alexander
Cockburn.



the interesting/relevant things i learned in high school were few and far between, but my senior year i did a research project on mental institutions. the only movie i could find at my local university library was called "madness and medicine". although it was incredibly out of date, (1977) i'm pretty sure many of the techniques are still used in some form. (if anyone can prove my information incorrect or outdated, please write to me. i would love to know more about the subject, but it was impossible to find anything current in springfield, mo. that in itself scares me.) anyway, i put on my headphones and watched as doctors scoffed at the question, "do we have the right to be crazy as long as we don't hurt someone else?" then i wondered who was the mortal god who could draw the blurry line between sanity and insanity. the scenes of daily life in the hospitals shown were straight out of "one flew over the cuckoo's nest". the patients sat or paced smoking cigarettes incessantly, while those who couldn't afford such luxuries picked butts up off the floor and sucked them to the filter. many patients never left bed although they were physically able to. deviations from this pattern were kept from occurring due to: solitary, drugs and est. seclusion rooms were saddled with soothing euphemisms, like "the blue room" or "the quiet room". if the room became your fate, you were strapped to a bed and left there with the lights on. then you were given bread, water and medicine

NOISE POLLUTION ain't rock n' roll!

CONQUISTADORS LAND OF THE LOST 7"

16 r.p.m. - skudgy, ambient, nirvana, avant-garde, afghan wigs... too long.
33 r.p.m. - catchy, melodic pop punk that's quite danceable. 3 out of 4 songs rock which is a good find among this genre nowadays. Probably major label bound.
45 r.p.m. - upbeat popo punk with squeaky vocals. Kinda like a smurf singing for Face To Face.
78 r.p.m. - maybe the song that Winter Steel and Crow used to dance to. Kylie Minogue with Naked City and one of those creepy wind-up monkeys playing drums.

P.O. BOX 3134 SO. PASADENA, CA. 91031

NO COMMENT demo reissue 7"

16 r.p.m. - Slow, grungy HC songs about ovaltine.
33 r.p.m. - oh shit! total fast nutso thrash punk. I hope they like being compared to classic D.R.I. Great!
45 r.p.m. - too fast, sounds like the Boredoms meet Demise. Silly guitar solo. I dare you to slam to this, bucko.
78 r.p.m. - five second songs with door bells and alarm clock samples. File under: Cryptic Slaughter/A.C.

NOISE PATCH RECORDS P.O. BOX 1646
REDONDO BEACH, CA. 90278

DOG FACED HERMANS THOSE DEEP BUDS CD.

I've tried writing a review for this but I just can't seem to do it justice. Original. Melodic. Noisy. Female vocals. Trumpet. Ten songs. Haunting. Beautiful. Incredible. Blah. Blah.

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS

P.O.B. 419092 SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94141-9092

DWEEB & NORBERTO - CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE 7"

Send a blank tape and some postage for this, punk! The best version EVER of this classic Slade song. Tell Dweeb to tape you his other wacky projects because he is a musical genius. And ask for the T.I.B.O.G. LP!

JASON MARRERO 1183 BRADBOURNE
DUARTE, CA 91010

HUASIPUNGO/LOS CRUDOS SPLIT 7"

Huasipungo side

16 r.p.m. - plodding death metal with Jabba vocals.
33 r.p.m. - heavy abrasive Spanish HC punk that fuckin' rips! Nice bouncy thrash for the kids.
45 r.p.m. - fast HC punk like early Poison Idea.
78 r.p.m. - Zingy. sounds like the singer's being tickled.

Los Crudos side

16 r.p.m. - Slow, skudgy, overdistorted oi with a gorilla vocalist.
33 r.p.m. - awesome. fast. raging. HC punk in Spanish.
45 r.p.m. - faster? more raging? more hardcore? more punk? well, just faster with vocals by an angry midget.
78 r.p.m. - grindcore by riot grrls and mogwails yelling "bright light! bright light!"

DISCOS SAN JUANCITO 80-50 BAXTER #125
ELMHURST, NY 11373

NINGUN SER HUMANO ES ILEGAL



NO HUMAN BEING IS ILLEGAL

T: Yeah, I signed before I even went to the processing center.

E: You'd already signed?

T: I'd already signed paperwork, yeah.

E: So, did they tell you what that paperwork you signed implied? Did they tell you, well you signed this but you can back out...?

T: They told me that I couldn't back out. I found out later on that I could have. I found out later on from CCCO (Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors) that you can back out...

J: of the Delayed Entry Program...?

T: ...actually, even up to six months after you've already been in the military. And you can qualify... they never tell you this, but somewhere in the Military Code of Justice or something there's something that says--I don't know exactly what it is--but it says up to six months after you've already gone to boot camp and everything, if you change your mind, you have a legal recourse and you can get a decent discharge. But they never tell you this. They never told me at boot camp that if I had dropped out during boot camp... they told me bad things would happen to me, but I found out later on that wasn't true.

E: What kind of bad things? Persecution...?

T: They said I'd receive a dishonorable discharge, and I'd never be able to get a decent job the rest of my life. I was 18 years old, you know... and my whole life would just be basically screwed over because it would follow me around...

E: ... for ever and ever...

T: ... and it would be on this paperwork, which when you're 18 you think... (the tape screwed up at this point, bringing us abruptly into the discussion of boot camp)

T: There's an element of psychological torture, brainwashing, where they'd work you out for five or six hours of just non-stop hard physical activity, up and down, up and down, doing pushups and situps, drills, running with an 80 lb. duffel bag on your back in full uniform with a gun, running in place. And they break you down until you're on the point of physical exhaustion and you're about to die. And then they line you up on a line and you stand on a line, and they dim the lights in the room, and it's really quiet for about a half an hour--this is one example I remember--and we stood on the line in full attention, pouring off sweat, everybody's physically exhausted... a couple of guys had collapsed on the ground, actually, during this, and we stood on the line at attention and all of a sudden on the loudspeakers they had a song that started playing, and it sounded like John Wayne or something, and the song was "I'm proud to be an American"--I don't know if you've ever heard the song, it goes: "I'm proud to be an American, where at least I know I'm free..." I don't remember the tune, but it's that song. And at that point, it seemed like everybody I could see--people across from me and people I was standing on line with--everybody was crying, and really emotionally touched by this. And I think at that point they felt bonded to it. They were doing something great for their country. I know I couldn't have been the only person that felt like this, but I kind of felt like

laughing at that point.

E: So now you're in boot camp. You signed, you're in. Did they tell you at any point you could have gone to war? That you could end up in a foreign land?

T: Well there was no war, it was 1988, there was no chance... the worst thing that we're going to have to do maybe is be in a submarine, that's what I thought. That might be kind of awful, just being confined to a submarine. But there weren't any wars. And as far as I knew, there weren't going to be any wars. It never dawned on me. It was just like a job.

J: And they never mentioned the possibility?

T: No. No. Never once was it ever mentioned.

E: Just education and... So you're in boot camp, how long is boot camp?

T: Eight weeks.

E: What happens after that?

T: I stayed in Orlando, Florida. I was transferred to a different unit, which was my first training school, which was called Nuclear Field A School (???), which is where I studied basic engineering techniques. I went there for three months. After that I went for six months to a nuclear power school, which was top secret, guarded by Marines. The information we kept all had to be locked up at the end of the day. And at that point while I was in the middle of that school is when I started thinking I wanted to get out. Because I was studying a lot of nuclear stuff, and it just seemed really ominous. The thing that got to me, personally, was how much power, and how much danger, and just the awesome destructive power of nuclear weapons. I started reading stuff at the time that... I had a friend in school who was really, really smart, he gave me this Noam Chomsky book which I thought was great--"Deterring Democracy." And I read that, and after I read that book I started to realize what it was all about. And that's when I started trying to get out. I made the mistake that the first person I talked to was my chief who was in charge of me. That was a mistake.

E: So you started reading about all this and thinking: "This may not be as good as I thought it was going to be..."

T: Yeah. I was also having problems with conforming, with not being able to express myself as an individual, with the incredible amount of hours that we had to spend doing their work, the studying, the punishments involved for things that I didn't think were wrong. It just started... it's a long time ago, I got out in 1989...

E: So what came after that?

T: Well, basically... I wrote to the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors in Philadelphia...

J: How'd you find out about them?

T: Somebody in Florida had given me a magazine... oh, it was "Sojourners," I don't know if you've ever seen it, it's a glossy magazine for religious people who work in, like, solidarity work, and they do... they're basically leftwing religious workers like Quakers, and Mennonites, stuff like that. And that had an article in it, and it had an address

for the CCCO. I wrote to them, and contacted them, and they initiated... they were going to get in contact with my commander... I haven't thought about this in a long time... basically what happened was I got transferred to a unit for people who were on their way out, and I knew a guy who was doing the same thing, and he'd been there for a year and a half. And I didn't want to be there for a year and a half, so I started seeing a psychologist. And kind of trying to fake that I had something wrong with me.

J: Did CCCO help you with that at all?

T: It didn't seem like they stuck with me a whole lot. They made suggestions on procedures and they gave me a pamphlet... legal procedures that I was supposed to follow.

J: But that's all for CO [conscientious objector] status...

T: Yeah. That wouldn't even get me close to a discharge.

J: So you decided to take the other route...

T: ... which was faster, and I was out in two months.

J: So that's what you would recommend for other people?

T: I would recommend it, if you can get away with it. I don't know...

E: Were you afraid to contact the CCCO? Did you think you were going to get reprisals from your superiors when you...

T: I thought I might get extra work.

J: Did you?

T: No. Nobody found out that I was...

Actually, once they'd found out, I was already trying to get out on a psychological discharge.

J: Once they found out, then did you get harassed?

T: Yeah. Yeah. It all happened around the same time, it all happened really fast.

E: Were other people with you? Did you have any friends inside the military?

T: Well, there were a lot of people who felt the same way I did, I think. But a lot of them just thought it would be a lot easier just to serve their time.

E: How long is "serve your time"?

T: Mine was six years.

E: Six years.

T: In my program.

E: So there are people there who want to get out, but would rather spend six years...

T: I think there are people who, if they knew there was going to be someone on the outside who was going to help them, they would. But it just didn't feel like there was anybody that would have helped.

E: Do you think that having information about your legal rights, in high school, would have helped you?

T: Yeah. If I had known about that sort of thing I would have... If I had had somebody to talk to me to tell me that I would have been okay without the military, that would have been a great help.

READ THIS

The following interview was done by Esneider and Jane on Aug. 8, 1993, in front of Big Dog Records in Merced, California, after Huasipungo and Los Crudos played there. The person being interviewed is Todd, he's now 25 years old. He joined the Navy straight out of high school and managed to get out on a psychological discharge about a year later. If you are thinking about joining the military, write to Todd first before you sign anything! His address is 1761 Herman St., Atwater, CA 95301. He'll write you a letter and tell you all about it.

Also, we have pamphlets put out by the War Resisters League that gives the lowdown on what you should know before you sign. If you want more, write to us (Esneider & Jane) at 80-50 Baxter Ave. #125, Elmhurst, NY 11373. We have a bunch of them in both English and Spanish and we have access to them through the War Resisters League. (If enough people ask us for them we will do a benefit show to pay WRL for the pamphlets. Or if you want to set up a benefit in your area for them, that would be cool--let us know.)

Even if you're sure you want to join the military, or if you think you have no other choice, read the pamphlet and write to Todd. What do you have to lose? Recruiters will push you to rush the decision, but don't let them. They'll still want you next month, or the month after. Get the facts FIRST, not later. Though Todd got out in only two months, not everyone has it that easy, especially since the Gulf War (Todd got out just in time before it started). It's much easier to make the decision before you're on the inside.

Also, and this is very important: many of you reading this would never even consider joining the military. But please don't brush this off. First, read the pamphlet thoroughly. Then think hard, and I'm sure you can think of someone who IS thinking about joining the military, whether your brother or sister, or your neighbor, or just an acquaintance. Give them a copy of the pamphlet. (And feel free to make copies of this interview.)

Or maybe your high school (or a friend's school) does heavy-duty military recruiting. (Martín from Los Crudos told us that at the public high school where many of his friends went on Chicago's south side, nearly all the teachers, administrators and counselors had been in the military and basically acted like recruiters; he said even if you walked into the counselor's office saying you wanted to go to such-and-such a college to study a particular subject, they would try to talk you out of it and talk you into joining the military instead. They would say you weren't smart enough for college, or that your grades weren't good enough, etc.)

We can send you extra pamphlets to distribute in schools (putting them in people's lockers would be perfect because if you left a stack around, some administrator would surely throw them away.) There is a whole national campaign going on to demilitarize schools, or at least to get equal access for counter-recruitment information; you can write WRL if you want more info on that (their address is 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012). But you don't have to join a group to stick pamphlets in lockers. It's an easy thing you can do that could really make a difference in someone's life.

E: So we were talking before about your experience in the military. You decided to join the military.

T: Yes I did.

E: Which branch did you join?

T: The Navy. I was actually recruited in my high school physics class. Well, not recruited but they gave me information about an engineering program. And they made a lot of promises to me, of course, about what kind of a job I could get after I got out of the military with all this training they would give me. And it sounded really good, and I just kind of kept that in mind until I graduated high school. And then once I graduated, I didn't have anything I could do, my grades weren't good enough to go to college, I didn't have enough money, and my mom threw me out, so I joined the military.

E: Was there any access in your high school to information about what would happen to you in the military? Was like the War Resisters League there, any pamphlets, anything?

T: No, nothing at all. There was no information like that. The only kind of information they gave us was pro-military information--the guidance counselor kept [pro-military] pamphlets on hand for people to consider. It was almost as if the school

counselors promoted it. That was my impression.

E: Were the teachers in any way pro-military?

Did they say anything?

T: Not that I can remember. I'm sure they might have been.

E: So basically it was the counselors...

T: Nobody tried to tell me anything bad about any experience they'd had, nobody tried to tell me of any harsher consequences the military might have.

E: So you never knew anyone who went into the military?

T: Not personally, no.

E: So what was the process? First you talked to the counselor, then what happened after that?

T: I went and talked to a recruiter. They actually bent over backwards to get me into the military, because I was overweight, I was 15 pounds over their weight limit that they wanted for new recruits, and he went as far as to put me on a diet and exercise program so I could lose 15 pounds in about a month, so I'd be skinny enough to join the military. They wanted people really bad, I mean, they'd have a group of people who were what they call the DEPs, it's like their little...

J: Delayed Entry Program...

T: Yeah, of kids who were waiting to be

recruited. And they'd take us on bowling trips and stuff like that...

E: Like boy scouts...

T: Almost, it had that feeling. I thought it was really hokey. But I went along with it because I wanted to go into the military.

E: So now you have a recruiting officer telling you what you're gonna get from it, which is...?

T: I'm going to be trained as a nuclear propulsion engineer to work in a submarine on a nuclear reactor. And after I get out of the military, I'm going to get a job for 50 or 75 thousand dollars a year, in another six years, and I'm going to be making all this money, and I'll be highly skilled as an engineer.

E: Just for joining the military.

T: Just for joining the military, and they tried to make me feel like I was part of a... elite's a bad word but part of a group that's better than the rest of the recruits because we were intellectually... we scored better on math and science tests. And they tried to separate us, and all through basic training we were separated from the regular recruits, and we went to an engineering school. They told me I was going to learn all this great engineering stuff and I was going to be able to get a great job afterwards, basically.

E: So at that point did you sign anything?